

SKIMMING IT.

"If you are going to give a pan of milk, don't skim it first," the old grandmother used to say; meaning, if you are going to do a favor, don't spoil it by an ungracious word or manner.

"Another errand? I never can go down town without half a dozen commissions!" complains Bob, when his sister asks him to bring a book from the library. He never refuses to oblige her; he does not really count it an inconvenience; he only takes the cream off his kindness.

"Those gloves ripped again," exclaims Mary, when John wants her to take a few stitches. "It seems to me they always need mending when I am in a hurry with something else." She would be shocked at his going shabby and distressed if any one thought her unwilling to render such office, but she makes it a little unpleasant to ask the favor.

The children follow the fashion. Tommy shuts the door at Bridget's request, but he grumbles at having to leave his top. Susie goes to the door when she is sent, but she departs with a protest that it is Tommy's turn. Thus all day long people who love one another skim the sweetness from every service they render.

A GOOD THING TO WRITE.

"What shall I write on my slate?" said Harry to himself. He could not write very well, but he sat down and wrote, "A good boy." Then he took it and showed it to his mother.

"That is a good thing to write," she said. "I hope you will write it on your life as well as on your slate."

"How can I write it on my life?" said Harry.

"By being a good boy every day and hour of your life. Then you will write it on your face, too, for the face of a good boy always tells its own story.

EATING HIS WAY.

Freddie despised the multiplication-table. It made you ache all over to say your tables. And you couldn't remember.

Mamma got up and went out of the room. When she came back, she had a glass jar of tiny colored candies. She was opening it, and pouring out a splendid heap on the tablecloth.

"Now," said she, brightly, "here are five little candy dots in a row. Here are eight rows. How many candy dots?"

"Forty," promptly.

"Yes. Now make seven times five and four times five and the rest. When you have made the whole table, and the next day after the threes and the next day after that the fours.

"Oh!"

It was the most splendid way to learn your tables. Freddie went to work with a will, and, when the teacher (that is, mamma) said, "School's out," he had learned his five table. He didn't eat it till after school.

One day the next-door twins' teacher was making their mother a call. Freddie was making one on the next-door twins.

"Don't you go to school, little boy?" the teacher asked him.

"Oh, yes'm," politely.

"Oh, you do? Well, I suppose you think the multiplication-table is perfectly dreadful, too?" she asked, smilingly.

"Oh, no'm," eagerly. "I'm very fond of mine."

"Indeed! How far along are you?"

"I've only eaten as far as seven times seven yet," said Freddie. And he went home, wondering why the next-door twins' teacher had opened her eyes so wide.—Youth's Companion.

Our Wee Little Ones

STAYS AT GRANDPA'S.

Dear Presbyterian: I am a little girl nine years old. I go to school at Mt. Pisgah. Miss Ola McIntosh is my teacher, and I like her very much. I am taking music lessons from Miss Gertrude Campbell. I have three sisters, named Clara, Bertha and Leslie. I stay at my grandpa's. I will close, hoping to see my letter in print.

Your little friend,

Vera McLeod.

Broadway, N. C.

A LOT OF PETS.

Dear Presbyterian: I am a little girl eight years old. I live in town. My papa takes your paper, and I like it very much. I have a cat named Buster Brown, a dog named Tom and some bantam chickens. I hope my letter won't reach the waste basket.

Your friend,

Marian Grinnan.

Hendersonville, N. C.

THE DAUNTLESS BOY.

Oh, here's to the boy who forges ahead,
Whatever the obstacles be;

The boy who enters the race with a
smile,

And always buoyant and free;
The boy who has grit to turn from the
clouds

A beauteous silver lining;
Who bravely faces the struggle or pain,
And never halts for repining.

It's a grand old race, is this race of life,
For the boy who thinks not of "luck,"
But knows getting through the breakers
ahead

Dependeth alone on his pluck.
Smiling, he dauntlessly launches his
boat;

As he rows, he is smiling still;
And he smiles as he takes the get-there
stroke,

Determinedly saying, "I will!"

THREE YEARS OLD.

Dear Presbyterian: As I can't write, I will get sister to write for me. I am a little girl three years old, but will be four in June. I do not go to school yet, but mean to some day. I have two brothers and three sisters. I go to Sunday school, and my teacher is Miss Florence Craig. I will stop. Hope my letter will be in print.

Your little unknown friend,

Beatrice Hogan.

University, N. C.

A YOUNG BIBLE STUDENT.

Dear Presbyterian: I joined the church one year ago, when I was eight years old. My grandpa, Dr. Link, gave me one dollar to memorize the twenty-third Psalm. My little sister, who is four years old can say it off by heart, just from hearing me say it. I subscribed for the Presbyterian soon after I joined the church.

Pat Rice Porter.

Wilmington, S. C.